The Poetical Gazette

The Official Journal of the Poetry Society and a Review of Poetical Affairs.

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BATTLE

Thy beauty is bugle and banner—bugle, and banner, and prize,
I march to the beat of thy heart, and the oriflamme of thine eyes;
My falchion flashes thy smile, as I fight to the far-off goal,
To the love that burns like a star on the battlements of thy soul.

O, Queen, the bugle is blowing, the banners flutter and stream;
Thy heart is beating and beating, I hear it as in a dream;
I grow blind: in my blood there is thunder; there is lightning around and above;
I have cloven a cohort asunder, I swoon on the ramparts of love.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

POETRY IN DAILY LIFE

By the Very Rev. William Page Roberts, D.D., Dean of Salisbury.

[We have the privilege of publishing that part of the address delivered at University College Hospital on October 3rd in which the Dean of Salisbury emphasises what the Poetry Society has been insisting on since its formation—the value of poetry as a formative influence and its use in daily life.]

Recently the "Times" said: "There is some danger that our scientific age will fall into the dulness which Pope prophesied in the 'Dunciad.'" There are few names more deservedly held in honour than that of Darwin—in honour by the whole world. Frank as the daylight, he expressed regret for the loss he considered himself to have suffered by excluding the influence of music and poetry from his laborious life. He speaks of "lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes, of his mind as a machine for grinding general laws out of a large collection of facts," and he said, "if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry or listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, may possibly be injurious to the intellect, more probably the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Gibbon expressed his firm satisfaction that he had given up the study of mathematics before it had blunted powers of perception which give such various experience to life. There could scarcely be a more melancholy example of one-sided development than that of Herbert Spencer. What is to be said of such confessions as these? "An indifference to epic poetry." "On reading a portion of the Iliad in translation he would rather give a large sum than read to the end." "In reading Dante he soon wanted a change in the mode of presentation and change in the quality of the substance." "There is more dramatic property in the conversations of all third-rate novelists than in the dialogues of Plato." Well, there are some infirmities men should not display in public; their deformities and defects need not be exposed to view.

The ideal to set before us is that of complete development. But, since in lives crowded with professional engagements such complete development must be impossible, an approximation to it should be attempted. For this some subject should be fastened upon which most successfully will bring into operation powers which have not been called into activity by professional studies.

If I were the director of young men and women preparing for the medical profession I should say the realm of the fine arts is that into which they should make excursions for the refreshment and enlargement of their mental life. I would say that some attention to architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and poetry—queen of all the arts—should by a solemn determination constantly engage some of their energy. While I would say, fix upon one of them to be your favoured mistress, acquire rapidly a bird's-eye view of all of them. This would not be difficult. But, if after gaining some little knowledge of the fine arts, we fasten upon one to be, as it were, our hobby, one to counteract the narrowing influence of mentally concentrated specialism, I think perhaps the most easily accessible and, in my judgment, the most efficacious is poetry. It is not possible to be in daily contact with the highest products of art. Enough if we keep out of our homes, and the objects we must constantly see, all that is ugly; for to get used to the ugly so as not to notice it is not to change the ugly, but to become less sensitive to ugliness, and thus to become coarser and less refined in taste. But poetry you may have every day, and you will remember what Darwin said about it.

Not so long ago, one of the most learned scholars in Europe said to me: "Last time we met you did me a great service; you told me to read a little poetry every day, and I have done it ever since."

If I could induce all of you to go and do likewise you would think of me with gratitude when I am no more. For poetry is the queen of the arts. It is the thought, the vision, the emotion of some powerful mind, vitalised by imagination, and expressed in that mode of music we call rhyme and rhythm. People who say that the subjects of poetry can be more effectively told in prose do not know what they are talking about. They are as wise as a blind man who denied the charm of colour, or one incapable of perceiving odour who should question the sweetness of the violet and the rose. I have no patience with people who ostentatiously say they do not care for poetry, for they say they do not care for some of the loftiest products of the human mind.

If you have not, at present, a liking for poetry, then make one. How can it be done, and so done as not to draw too much energy from your professional work? I should say, choose a poet who is acknowledged by the weightiest authorities to be a true and great poet. Having chosen your great poet, and one not of your own generation who can idealise the age of which you are a part, then every day, even if it be but for five minutes, read a page carefully, noting every suggestive word and visualising every scene. If you do this, not a year will have gone by without your growing keener to perceive beauty and more sensitive to the impact of its charm.

A short time ago, I was told that Wordsworth was little read by Oxford men. Well, there are men and men, but I can scarcely believe that.

Try, I would say to those who at present are not students, still less lovers of poetry—try Wordsworth's "Prelude" and "Excursion," one page a day, five minutes' meditation, and I am sure that all but the organically and incurably dull, who are as incapable of poetic sensibility as a piece of putty, in a single year will, without interfering with their professional work, have evolved from hidden, unperceived, subliminal depths, a poetic sensibility which will be an organ of ever increasing delight.

I am not suggesting that you should all attempt to become poets. I dare say many of you have written verses, and some fair being has placed them in her bosom and thought them beautiful. Well, what can be happier than to be in love? May you have no cardiac failure in that respect! May your love and its gladness live longer than your verses!

There have been members of the medical profession to whom has been accorded the name of poet. But I have a suspicion that their eminence as poets was inversely as their success in practice. Oliver Goldsmith was perhaps one of the best representatives of poetic accomplishment in the medical profession. It is uncertain where or how he obtained his medical degree, but it is scarcely possible to doubt that he did in his foreign wanderings receive a nominal qualification for practice. This must have been small and brief. It is said that he drew out a prescription for a certain Mrs. Sidebotham which so appalled the apothecary that he refused to make it up, and that as the lady sided with the apothecary he threw up the case and his profession at the same time. But what a delightful, fascinating writer! All who have any poetic taste are charmed by the tenderness and simple yet perfect grace and music of "The Deserted Village." All who care for genial humour mingled with the restraining pensiveness of one who knows the sorrows of life as well as the eccentricities which provoke a smile, are in love with "The Vicar of Wakefield." All who care for English comedy without vulgarity and without prurience welcome the revival on the stage of "She Stoops to Conquer." Ah! I have forgotten a much greater poet still, first almost in my opinion of the brilliant stars which shone in the firmament of the nineteenth century—Keats. He studied medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, and when his poems appeared vulgar reviewers tried to extinguish them by sneering at his medical training. "Go back to the shop, Mr. John; stick to plasters and pills and ointment boxes." The poems live and the reviewer is everlastingly damned. Sir Richard Blackmore took his degree at Oxford, studied medicine at Padua, where he became a Doctor of Medicine, and in 1687 became a Fellow of the College of Physicians. He produced long epic poems which were largely read; but if all were like his description of a volcano, it is not surprising that if his patients left him, so did his readers:

"Of deadly gripes and fierce consuming pain
The labouring mounts belch drossy vomit out
And throw their melted bowels round about."

Sir Samuel Garth was another medical poet. He graduated at Cambridge, studied medicine at Leyden. He, too, was a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and delivered the Harveian Oration.

Mark Akenside, the son of a Newcastle butcher, was sent to Edinburgh to study theology, but preferred medicine. He also studied at Leyden. It must have been mentally enlarging, this experience of foreign life and thought. From the University of Cambridge he delivered the Cronian Lecture. His chief poem was on "The Pleasures of the Imagination."

I do not call upon you to devote yourselves to the production of poetry. Suffice it to say, that your minds should become, as it were, cabinets of beautiful things. Even if you have to limit your pecuniary gains for the sake of a complete development, would it be a serious loss? It was asked by one who must be venerated by all, as He is worshipped by millions, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" By losing the soul I mean losing the finer capabilities and potentialities of the thinking being, and by so much becoming less than man. There are thousands of things which are not necessary for happiness. In many a humble clerical home, both British and German, there is refinement of manners and intellectual accomplishment; there are sons and daughters in whom virtue, brains, and religion are worthily combined, who become strength and fibre in their native land. What more is necessary? That they should start life with a fortune? Better that they should make one. At any rate, it is more to be a man than a money-bag; those who think otherwise must be left to amass the most they can, and then descend to a grave their gains of coin can never enter. What if there is afterwards a long life even for ever and ever! What to enter a spirit world with a pauper mind!

POETS AND SEERS

At the beginning of his handbook on "The Birth and Growth of Worlds," the Rev. A. H. Green, M.A., F.R.S., sometime Professor of Geology at Oxford, quotes from Shelley's "Hellas" the following verse, which he believes to be prophetic of the nebular hypothesis:—

"Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away."

The writer further points out, discussing the poet as a prophet, "Every now and then there rises before him the vision of some great physical truth hitherto unapprehended, or only dimly guessed at by science; this he bodies forth, it may be in somewhat obscure diction. Little heed is paid to what he says, but in the fulness of time the accomplishment comes, when the slow and painstaking labours of the scientific investigator demonstrate to the world at large what was to the poet a flash of inspiration.

"It was to a poet that a truth in botany, which may be said to give a unity to that science, was revealed. It was a poet who foresaw all the triumphs which steam has realised, and some which it has not yet compassed."

Discussing this theme another writer declares that perhaps the most striking poetic forecast of the use of steam was that made by William Strode, who stood high among the poets of the early seventeenth century. In his play, "The Floating Island," which was performed before Charles I., there is a passage about which Mr. Bertram Dobell, whose finding of the Strode MSS. restored the forgotten poet to fame, has written, "I do not know of any other passage in any poet or prose writer in which so many inventions and discoveries, which must at the time have seemed to be impossibilities, are so clearly foretold." It is in the third act of the play, where Queen Fancie expresses her desire for novel inventions. "Her speech," Mr. Dobell remarks, "almost forms a summing up of the most remarkable scientific discoveries which have been made since the poet's time."

Another poetic anticipation of scientific discoveries was made by Walt Whitman, who, in "Leaves of Grass," published four years before Darwin's "Origin of Species," gave a long, clear statement of the doctrine of evolution.

Perhaps our readers can supply other similar instances of the poet as a seer.

Mr. Sivori Levey is giving two recitals at the Steinway Hall on November 19, at 3.15, and November 26, at 8.30. The programme on the former occasion includes selections from Shelley, and on the latter a miscellaneous programme, with original music.

POETICAL CHARACTERS AT DINNER

The costume dinner and recital promoted by the Baroness de Bertouch, in aid of the fund of the Society, was a distinctive and charming affair, and the spectators who watched the masqueraders from the gallery of the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant were highly delighted with the entertainment provided for them. The thanks of the Society are due to the Baroness and the members of the Kensington Centre for their efforts, and to Mademoiselle Caroli, Rangiula, the Maori chief, Miss Elsie Maehen, Mr. Robert Stephenson, Mr. Julian Gade, and Mr. Reginald Clark for their contributions to an admirable programme.

Under the title of "Playing Poets," the "Daily Telegraph" gave the following descriptive report:

"Titania, or it may have been Queen Mab, sold you a programme, and was careful about the change. Thus you felt at once the poetic atmosphere. Coming upstairs you stumbled over Byron into Homer. For this was the 'Pageant of Poetry' contrived by the Poetry Society at the Holborn Restaurant, and of persons enumerated on Titania's programme only one, the chairman, Sir Alfred Turner, was allowed to be merely himself. The rest appeared in the guise of characters out of all the poets and novelists, from Shakespeare to Mr. G. R. Sims. The poets themselves, indeed, were scarce, but Lord Byron appeared with a retinue, which included Lady Byron and his sister, and even the Countess Guiccioli, so that he may be counted a host in himself. For the rest, there was D'Artagnan beside a Puritan maid out of Longfellow, a conjunction which one cannot believe to the taste of that dashing mousquetaire. There was Juliet with Sir Walter Ralegh, which seems a much more promising association. Fra Lippo Lippi was beside the Blessed Damozel, and Petruchio with Tennyson's grandmother. There was a Cleopatra or two and a company of Greek gods and goddesses, and Sohrab and Sohrab's mother, and a group of Tennyson's 'Fair Women,' and the sight was gorgeous to behold. So the members of the Poetry Society sat down to dinner. And 'after they had put from them the desire of eating and drinking,' as Homer remarked, Sir Alfred Turner gave the toast of 'Poetry,' and spoke of the value thereof and of the Poetry Society. Then there were recitations and songs and dances."

Certain supplementary details, published in the "Aberdeen Free Press," may be added:

"Baroness de Bertouch, as the Spirit of Poetry, received the guests, who assembled to the number of about 120, in the reception-room of the King's Hall, where they made picturesque, though in some degree incongruous, groups, the creations of Homer making the acquaintance of those of Shakespeare, while men and women of Byron, Rossetti, Moore, Longfellow, and Tennyson met on familiar terms. The diversified character of the throng was further emphasised by the presence of a real Maori chief in native robes and two Moorish gentlemen in characteristic attire, while two charming little girls personified fairies and distributed programmes. The dresses were designed with much taste and with a commendable regard for historical accuracy. The enjoyment of social intercourse among this brilliant but strangely assorted assemblage was suddenly interrupted by a bugle call, which was the signal for the guests to arrange themselves into ordered groups, each of which represented a particular poet, and thus organised they marched in to dinner, led by Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, the chairman, who wore modern evening dress. Sir Alfred, in giving the toast 'Poetry,' confessed that when he was young he had tried to write poetry himself, but it had been a dismal failure. He thought that the function of poetry had never been better described than by the poet Coleridge in saying that it gave the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all things. The Society, he added, was not very old, but it had done good work, and he regarded that occasion as a good augury of its lasting success."

THE NEW ELOCUTION

Mr. Forbes-Robertson and the Art of Speaking Verse.

In accordance with notice previously given, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, a vice-president of the Society, conducted an audition of readers and speakers of verse on Saturday, September 10. Unfortunately, the experienced examiner left for the United States in the course of the following week, and in the hurry of departure omitted to send his formal report on individual performances. We have pleasure in giving a descriptive account of this highly successful meeting from one who was present.

It was worth many subscriptions to hear the valuable address with which Mr. Forbes-Robertson wound up the audition he held on behalf of the Poetry Society on Saturday afternoon. He had listened patiently to about a score of amateur and professional exponents of the art of speaking verse, whose efforts he commended, and then he proceeded to give some excellent advice which thoroughly endorsed the methods and policy of the Poetry Society. He had not come to flatter but to judge, he said, but he was very agreeably surprised at the way the examinees had recited and read. They had shown taste and discrimination. In some cases the voices were not loud or strong enough for that large hall—the Throne room of the Holborn Restaurant; with some there was a tendency to depart from natural delivery and to sing or chant instead of delivering the words in the simplest possible way, and in others to indulge in gesticulation. Gesticulation, especially in the speaking of lyrical poetry, is out of place, the most finished demonstrator of the art pointed out. It does not assist the reciter to convey a certain emotion or a certain feeling, and it is better that he should confine himself to the use of the voice, impressing the audience by intonation and inflection and facial expression, eliminating altogether the adjunct of action. With lyrical poetry the words should be spoken without any action whatever. They were not appealing to the eye; they were not part of a scene but standing alone, expressing beautiful words and ideas through the voice as readers or reciters.

The tendency of reciters to drop the voice at the end of a line was noticed. The last word or two has to be watched very carefully, lest having come to the end of a sentence the voice is not supported, the air being exhausted, and the word disappears, the sense of the line or sentence being lost to the audience.

Another great thing to remember, Mr. Forbes-Robertson pointed out, is not only to secure true pronunciation and clear enunciation and to give effect to the motion and feeling of a poem, but to give careful consideration to the value and object of each word—not its value in the line or phrase, but the actual mere sound of the word. So many words in the English language are in themselves beautiful sounds, and therefore it behoves the reciter to be very careful to give out clearly the preciousness of the sounds themselves apart from elocutionary efforts. Every word in the language has its own character and mission apart from its position in the line. There are words that are so beautiful that they must be given with all their purity, and if you are conscious of the beauty of words and feel them deeply yourself, you will go a long way to producing the effect of beauty upon your audience.

Such work as they were engaged on, Mr. Forbes-Robertson declared, was most praiseworthy and admirable in every way. He hoped they would continue in their efforts, and that they would remember that sincerity and naturalness were to be striven after and mannerisms avoided. "Be perfectly natural, simple, and unaffected, and conscious of the beauty of the language."

The examination was arranged for the personal satisfaction and benefit of the members of the Poetry Society and also as a test of the qualifications of members who might be called on to act as missionaries of the Society and "demonstrators of the art of speaking verse." Each candidate was liable to be called on to "speak" two

poems ("The Blessed Damozel" and Wordsworth's "The World is too much with us"), to read a portion of "Abt Vogler," and to recite or read a poem selected by the examiner and one chosen by themselves as indicative of their personal style and taste. To hear each candidate do this programme would have involved a sitting of ten or twelve hours, and the expert examiner was content to hear about a third of "The Blessed Damozel" spoken and the Wordsworth sonnet or a part of "Abt Vogler" read, excessive repetition, which while illustrating the varying styles was apt to become monotonous, being avoided by some of the candidates being allowed to recite or read the pieces selected by themselves. All the candidates were members of the Society, and included a lady from far-off Texas, and a girl from Sydney, N.S.W.—a collection typical of the wide appeal and ramifications of the Poetry Society. In their different ways, trying and embarrassing though the audition was, they showed considerable ability, giving evidence (in the opinion of the examiner) "of a great feeling for poetry. The average was very high and the exhibition most satisfactory under the circumstances." This endorsement by the greatest living authority, and his definite pronouncement supporting the policy outlined in Lady Margaret Sackville's address on "The Art of Speaking Verse," are most gratifying to the Society and the painstaking enthusiasts who submitted themselves to Saturday's ordeal, and will result in a wider practical application of the Society's very necessary work.

SEATS FOR "KING HENRY VIII."

Several members having found great difficulty in booking seats for "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's Theatre have expressed a wish that the Society should endeavour to make some arrangements for reserving a block of seats for members. The management informs us that no 2s. seats (back of upper circle) are available till after Christmas. We can, however, secure a block of these seats for the first available date in January, as soon as booking re-commences, provided that members who wish to have one or more of these seats allotted to them notify headquarters before the 11th inst. of the number of tickets they require. The date for which the Society has secured seats will be announced in the December issue of the *Gazette*. Seats applied for after the 11th inst. cannot be guaranteed, and will only be allotted if vacancies occur. Further arrangements of this nature will be made if members wish for their extension. It must be understood that such facilities are sought and offered entirely for the convenience of members and their friends, and are not a source of financial liability or profit to the Society.

If there is any demand for them, blocks of other seats than the 2s. upper circle ones will be reserved.

Miss Amy Coates, Pond House, Chingford, Essex, has formed a Poetic Drama Society, which meets for rehearsals at 46, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Miss Coates would like to hear from gentlemen able to take part in Yeats' "The Land of Heart's Desire," and Patrick Colum's "The Miracle of the Corn," and other poetical plays. The subscription for each session, summer and autumn, is 10s. 6d. The P.D.S. have offered a triple bill in aid of the funds of the society.

A series of monthly readings of poetry and poetical plays will be given at The Literary Salon, 40, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W., by Miss Clara Reed, commencing on November 26, at 3.30 p.m., tickets, 2s. 6d. each for a single recital, or 10s. 6d. for the series of six. Miss Reed is also conducting a Poetry Reading Class at The Literary Salon, where she has recently given two recitals with great acceptance.

POETRY AND SLUDGE

Songs from London. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Elkin Mathews.)

A real poet speaks to us in this little volume. These less than thirty pages contain more poetry than can be found within the covers of a dozen books of verse, some running into hundreds of pages, which have been published lately. Not great poetry, perhaps, but yet poetry, rare and beautiful, strong and sweet, and full of promise. Take these fine lines from the first poem in the volume, "Views" of Rome.

All vapours form a background for your face
In this unreal town of real things.

. . . . . .

Being we too, full surely we shall go
Up to that Hill . . . . some synonym for Home.
Avalon? Grave? or Heaven? I do not know. . . .
But one day or to-day, the day may come,
When I may be your I, your Rome my Rome.

There is splendour in "The Gothic Woman's Love Song."

Make our couch of Rome and the footstool of our throne,
All Greece: throw scented Spain for the incense of our fire.
Bring me all the East for the jewels of my zone,
Cast the rest together for our flaming wedding pyre.
Pour me blood of gods: bring me broken oaths for toys;
Countless of the cost, of their ruin and our own.
Drunk with wine and passion, drink thy moment's fill of joys.
God-like, man-like, beast-like, drink and cast the lup a-down.
Lose thy life: give up thy crown,
Lose thy soul, give our all
As we sink to death and ruin with the smoke of worlds for pall.

There is the vigorous joy of spring and life in "Consider."

Now green comes springing o'er the heath,
And each small bird with lifted breath
Cries, "Brother, consider the joy there is in living,"
"Consider, consider," the jolly throstle saith.
The golden gorse, the wild thyme frail
And sweet, the butter cowslip pale,
Cry, "Sisters, consider the peace that comes with giving,
And render, and render your sweet and scented breath."
Now men, come walking o'er the heath
To mark this pretty world beneath,
Bethink them: "Consider what joy might lie in living,
None striving, constraining none, and thinking not on Death."

From the same publisher we have received a booklet entitled "Bubbles," by Catharine Bondinot Atterbury. It contains versified and rhyming matter, the quality of which may be judged from the following specimens:—

She: Coquettish?
Forgettish?
Both useless, I fear.
Regrettish?
Or frettish?
Good gracious! he's here.

He: I've always said you was quite a good sort,
And I've always found you a rare old sport:
Well, what do you think? Have I lost or won?
Say "Righto" or "Rats," and the thing is done.

From a number of "poems of place" we take "Ursula in Upsala."

When Ursula to Upsala went,
She looked on the verge of sepulture;
But was brought back soon from the mouth of the tomb
By a course of physical culture!

We need not comment on these typical quotations.

SHORT NOTICES

"Monica's Love and other Poems" (Charles Granville: C. W. Daniel, 2s. 6d.). The title poem tells the story of the Mother of S. Augustine in thoughtful and poetic verse. The shorter poems in this volume are musical, and show true poetic feeling.

"A Dinka Story and other Sudan Poems (S. Lyle: George Allen and Sons) is a small book of poems about the Sudan. The author evidently knows and loves the East.

"The Hudson and other Poems" (George S. Hellman: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 5s. net) hails from the other side of the Atlantic. The verses are thoughtful, and some of the shorter poems are very musical. The lines to Coleridge are charming:—

Thine is the mystic melody,
The far-off murmur of some dreamland sea
Lifting throughout the night,
Up to the moon's mild light,
Waves silver-lustrous, silvery-white,
That beat in rhythm on the shadowy shore,
And burst in music, and are seen no more.

"Selections from Parts I. and II. of 'Frederick's Peregrination and other Poems'" (Gus. J. Trares: Murray and Co., 2s. 6d. and 1s.). A serious attempt to describe a young man's outlook on life and his adventures in many lands—an allegory of pessimism. The author's style may be seen from the following excerpt:—

What obstacles and difficulties mark yon doubtful way!
What ordeals and privations theirs, who dare from custom stray!
So dreadfully the trials frown, so fierce the hardships glare,
His truant ship returns a wreck whom death resolves to spare.

This is evidently the book of a young man in the making, who has seen, thought, and read much and set himself the task of solving the riddle of the universe. We shall expect to hear from Mr. Trares again when his expression and his outlook have become simplified.

"The Sunlit Way" (Guy Kendall: Frank Palmer, 12-14, Red Lion Court, E.C., 1s. 6d. net) contains some delightful work, thoughtful in expression, poetical in feeling. There is a sweet fragrance about these flowers and fruit of a cultivated mind, but, better than the "Songs of Autumn" or the charming "Christmas Ballad," we like the eastern flavour of "The Thorn in the Flesh":—

It puzzles me to know if cold and heat
Are fairly set down in God's balance sheet;
How unused fuel sorts with rapid flame,
What worth's in live coal, what in smoking peat,
Whether one scale rates act alike and aim.

"The Marriage of Music" (Annie C. Dalton, 1672, Beech Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.). From far-off British Columbia comes a dainty, slim volume, full of melody and tender thoughts. Cheerfully and tunefully Mrs. Dalton sings of many things, of duty and opportunity, of the character and the scenes of the western world, of—

The hum of bees in a breathless noon,
The lisp of ripples beyond the dune,
The scent of lilies, the rose of June,
And Love singing low his tenderest tune.

During the past month the following joined the Society as patrons or vice-presidents: Lord Dunsany; the Very Rev. W. Page Roberts, D.D., Dean of Salisbury; Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.; the Hon. T. A. Coghlan, I.S.O., Agent-General for New South Wales; and the Hon. R. C. Russell, late Agent-General for Natal.

THE POETRY HOUR

Suggestions for a month's reading and learning.

The selections for the Poetry Hour for the next month are taken from Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"—published by Macmillan and Co. We trust this new series of selections will be found as useful as the previous year's reading, and we particularly impress upon members and those using this selection as a guide to the improvement of their acquaintance with the best poetry, the desirability of memorising as well as reading.

As we quoted previously from the Headmaster of Eton's remarks on the subject: "An essential part of education is the committing to memory poetry and perhaps some prose suitable to the age, full of the best things that the best men have thought and said in the best way. Learning by heart should begin not later than five or six years of age, and be vigorously prosecuted till fourteen and continued as long as possible."

Read.	Learn.
Week ending November 12:—	
La Belle Dame sans Merci (Keats) ...	Whole Poem
On first Looking into Chapman's Homer (Keats)	Whole Sonnet
The Old Familiar Faces (C. Lamb)...	Whole Poem
The Death-Bed (Hood)	
Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour (Wordsworth)	Sonnet
Week ending November 19:—	
To a Skylark (Shelley)	Whole Poem
To the Cuckoo (Wordsworth)	
The Reaper (Wordsworth)	Whole Poem
A Dream of the Unknown (Shelley)	
Khubla Khan (Coleridge)	Whole Poem
Week ending November 26:—	
Threnos (Shelley)	Whole Poem
Nature and the Poet (Wordsworth)	
The Forsaken Merman (Matthew Arnold)	Whole Poem
The Deserted Garden (Mrs. Browning)	
Week ending December 3:—	
The Toys (Coventry Patmore) ...	Whole Poem
Two in the Campagna (R. Browning)	
Never the Time and the Place (R. Browning)	Whole Poem
If thou must love me (Mrs. Browning)	Sonnet
A Summer Night (Matthew Arnold)	

The Dean of Salisbury's eloquent remarks on the use of poetry in education are a striking reminder of how one-sided education is becoming. In our anxiety for practical success, for commercial results, we are losing sight of essentials; and education, like literature, is becoming brutalised, designed for the making of mechanics and buyers and sellers, not men. Truly, it is a Cyclopean age, mechanical and one-eyed, worshipping ephemeral results, and mistaking the means for the end. Even Darwin, who lamented the neglect and consequent atrophy of his imaginative powers, would scorn our twisted interpretation of his theory of "the survival of the fittest." He did not refer to physical strength and material well-being only. Shakespeare still lives, and it is better for a man to be acquainted with him than with the latest system of double entry: the work of Herbert Spencer, in whose scheme of things poetry had no place, has crumbled away already, while Homer survives and will continue to hearten men when much that we think fit to-day is forgotten. A whole-hearted appreciation of poetry may not add a penny to our salary, but it will help us to understand and make a better use of life. It will do more for us than all the copy-book maxims and the worship of material success on which modern "education" seems to be based.

TO LYRIC WRITERS

As announced in the Spring Number of the "Gazette," Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, jun., the director of the Song-Writers' Agency and Recitations Bureau, has placed his agency at the service of members of the Society, and we have arranged with him to select from the work of members such lyrics as he considers suitable for a musical setting, with a view to their being offered to publishers. We trust members will take advantage of Mr. Graves' expert services. Typical lyrics selected for further treatment will be published with comments in this supplement next month. It is unnecessary to point out that the writing of songs for music publishers, musical comedies, and so forth, is an attractive and remunerative exercise of the poetical craft, and on the financial side is not to be disdained. There is a demand for verses of a higher quality and deeper significance, which Mr. Graves is trying to stimulate and meet. We may add that this arrangement has been made entirely in the interests of members who write verses, and the Society has no commercial concern, advantage, or responsibility from or in it.

SPECIAL OFFER TO MEMBERS OF THE POETRY SOCIETY

Members are reminded that although the ordinary subscription rate to THE ACADEMY (weekly issue) is 15s. per annum, they may obtain it for 10s. per annum, or 2s. 6d. per quarter, post free, provided orders are sent through headquarters. This special privilege applies to members of the Society only, and should be particularly appreciated by country members.

Apropos of the Society's test for readers and speakers, and our desire to raise the standard of public performances and secure the alliance of technical ability with intelligence, and the ability to make an audience feel the beauty and meaning of the "recitation," it is pertinent to quote a leading dramatic critic's comments on a recent ambitious essay of a young actress. "Miss Z. showed no signs of nervousness or actual incompetence. . . . I can imagine her in useful minor parts in modern plays, but she has neither the voice nor the magnetism for Shakespeare. Acting is not a question of speaking lines, and if it were Miss Z. has much to learn in the matter of delivery. Her emphasis was often at fault. Surely Lady Macbeth, when her husband's wavering purpose sets her nerve on edge, should accentuate the "me" in "give me the dagger," and not speak the line as if it were composed of a dactyl and a trochee. But acting means much more than intelligent elocution. It means the power of imagination which enables a player to live in a character, and also it means the telepathic power of conveying thoughts and feelings to an audience." We are not concerned with acting, but these remarks apply equally forcibly to the speaking of verse, in which immature and unbalanced public efforts are to be discouraged.

On December 7 Miss L. Lloyd will lecture on behalf of the Society at the Central Library, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, on "How to Enjoy Browning." Mr. Thomas Johnston, the Borough Librarian, will be glad for local members to attend; admission free.

All communications relating to the Poetry Society should be addressed to the Headquarters of the Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.

CENTRE REPORTS

BRIGHTON AND HOVE.

By kind permission of the Misses Blake and Mortimer, a drawing-room meeting to formally inaugurate a local Centre of the Poetry Society will be held at Hoove Lea, King's Road, Hove, on Wednesday, November 23. Members and others wishing to attend are requested to communicate direct with Miss Dorothy G. Apthorpe, 26, Wilbury Gardens, Hove, secretary pro tem.: Early intimation of intention to be present at this meeting would greatly facilitate arrangements.

CLAPHAM.

A Clapham Centre will be formed at a meeting to be held (by kind permission of Mr. G. B. Galè) at 18, Albion Road, Clapham, S.W., on November 18, at 7.30 p.m. Members and intending members are requested to accept this notice as an invitation to attend.

HAMPSTEAD.

The minor poets of the nineteenth century provided the Hampstead Centre with an enjoyable evening on Tuesday, when the members met as usual at Miss Julie Huntsman's Studio, 150, Finchley Road. Lady Strachey presided and read several interesting poems, and amongst other readers were Miss L. Lloyd, Mrs. Aynsley, Miss A. L. Aynsley, and Mr. Kelly. It was announced that, owing to his approaching departure from England, the hon. treasurer, Mr. Richard Hambly, was obliged to resign his office, and that Mrs. Aynsley had kindly consented to be his successor.

KENSINGTON.

At a meeting of this Centre, held at 27, Scarsdale Villas, by kind permission of the President, the Baroness de Bertouch, on October 28, Mr. Wagner read an interesting paper on "Blank Verse as a Medium for Tragedy," and some excellent readings were contributed by Miss Hart, Miss Nigel, Mrs. Chaplin, Mr. Stephenson, Miss Rayson, and others.

The next meeting will be held on November 11 at 11, Sinclair Gardens, Kensington, when Mr. Robert Stephenson will lecture on "Voice Production in its Relation to Reading and Reciting Poetry."—5 p.m.

Members attached to this Centre are invited by Miss Festing to an "At Home" at 56, Queen's Gate Terrace, on November 26.—4 p.m. The programme will be miscellaneous readings of favourite poems.

Mr. Julian Gade has promised a lecture for December, to be followed by one by Miss Hart, and during the winter many new features will add to the interest of the Kensington meetings. Members will appreciate the Baroness de Bertouch's energetic direction by participating in large numbers in the meetings provided for them.

SOUTH HAMPSTEAD.

At a very pleasant and successful meeting held at 157, King Henry's Road, kindly lent for the occasion by Madame Fischer-Sobell, a South Hampstead Centre was formed and twenty new members recruited. Madame Brunel gave an illuminating address on Poetry. Madame Fischer-Sobell was elected president, and Miss Rousby, 44, Belsize Road, was appointed honorary secretary, to whom nominations for the Council should be sent prior to the next meeting, which will be held at 157, King Henry's Road, at 3.30 p.m., on Saturday, November 26. New members are requested to forward the entrance fee and subscription to Miss Rousby, who on receipt thereof will issue membership certificates.

Centre secretaries would oblige by sending reports for publication in the Journal not later than the last Saturday in the month.

THE POETS' COLUMN.

*** The publications of members of the Society and individual books of verse may be announced in this special column. For scale of charges apply, The Poetry Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.

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X OVER-SEAS POETRY. X

AUSTRALIAN POETRY EVENING.

A SPECIAL MEETING of
THE POETRY SOCIETY will be held at the Holborn Restaurant on Monday, Dec. 12th.

The Right Hon. Sir GEORGE REID, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for the Australian Commonwealth (Patron of the Australian Branch of the Poetry Society), will preside.

Details of the programme of representative Australian poetry, selected by J. HENNIKER HEATON, Esq., Jun., will be published in the next issue of the Gazette.

To Commence at 7.30 p.m. Supper served at 8 p.m.
Tickets: Members, 3/6 each; Non-members, 5/-.

Members are requested to bring this distinctive meeting to the notice of their Colonial friends.

All applications for tickets should be made to THE POETRY SOCIETY, Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.

LEARNING TO WRITE.—All journals receive many manuscripts which would be acceptable but for the technical faults they contain, yet to publish them as they are submitted is obviously impossible. It cannot be too much insisted upon that literature is an art which must be learned. It is as unreasonable to expect to write a good article without training as it is to expect to paint a good picture without a knowledge of drawing.

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The attention of local treasurers, secretaries, and others, is drawn to the following rule: "Members whose subscriptions are one month in arrears shall be struck off the roll of membership, but any member who thus lapses or retires may rejoin on payment of 1s. entrance fee and subscription for the current year." It should not be necessary to urge the prompt payment of subscriptions, without being under the necessity of pointing out that the rate is scarcely more than sufficient to pay local expenses, and, except in very strong Centres, does not permit the extension of Centre activities or guarantee the liability of public recitals, etc., organised by or on behalf of Centres. The necessity of the monthly return to headquarters must be emphasised also.

Non-members are particularly requested to refrain from sending verses, either in MS. or printed form, to the Society or to individuals connected with the Society. Such unsolicited "contributions" will not be returned.

It is earnestly desired that each member having the extension of the Society at heart should introduce at least one new member per month. The Society needs the active loyal support of all members. If they would act as missionaries of the Society the activities and effectiveness of the Society would be largely increased, and various privileges added to membership.

While being issued subject to the approval of the Editors of THE ACADEMY, the contents of this supplement, particularly the statements relating to the Poetry Society, are inserted on the responsibility of the Poetry Society, and all communications relating to THE POETICAL GAZETTE should be addressed to The Poetry Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.

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The Objects of the Society, as stated in the Constitution, are

To promote, in the words of Matthew Arnold, adopted as a motto, "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it."

To bring together lovers of poetry with a view to extending and developing the intelligent interest in, and proper appreciation of, poetry.

To form local centres and reading circles and encourage the intelligent reading of verse with due regard to emphasis and rhythm and the poet's meaning, and to study and discuss the art and mission of poetry.

To promote and hold private and public recitals of poetry.

To form sub-societies for the reading and study of the works of individual poets.

To publish such poems by new writers as the Council may decide, and to offer premiums for poetry, and take such steps as may be deemed advisable from time to time to popularise interest in poetry and to assist in bringing about "a poetic renaissance."

To establish lectureships and publish a journal and celebrate and commemorate the birth and death-days of poets, and other literary anniversaries.

The ordinary membership subscription is 5s., with an entrance fee of 2s. 6d.; for schools and "institutional centres" a reduced rate applies.

Honorary members (persons eminent in literature or otherwise distinguished who sympathise with the Society but are not able to take an active part in its work) and vice-presidents (presidents of Centres and distinguished active members) pay a minimum membership subscription of one guinea per annum or a life membership fee of ten guineas.

The Society is intended to bind poetry-readers and lovers together throughout the English speaking world, forming a desirable freemasonry, with poetry—the first and best of all arts—as the connecting link.

By means of local Centres, membership is made active and effective, members meeting together under a President and Council for the reading and study of Poetry and co-operating with Headquarters in the general work of the Society. A member of the Society is a member of the Centre most convenient for him to attend, and a member of any Centre is a member of the Society as a whole and may attend any Centre meetings anywhere on giving notice to the Secretary. This Centre system carries into effect the idea of a poetical freemasonry, a South African member visiting or going to reside in London or South Australia or wherever the Society has a branch being welcomed by and becoming a member of the local group.

Centres or individual members not formed into groups maintain regular communication with the Head Office, from which advice and direction may be obtained with respect to the formation, conduct and programme of Centre meetings, propaganda work, &c., and each Centre is expected to hold at least two public recitals per year with a view to interesting the general public and showing what an exquisite pleasure can be derived from the intelligent reading and speaking of verse.

The Society is the one body dealing with poetry as an ethical and cultural influence of the greatest importance, "redeeming from decay the visitations of the divinity in man," and seeks to bring mankind generally under its influence.

The Society also deals with elocution, and holds periodical examinations of recitals and "auditions" of readers with a view to securing the adoption of better methods and greater attention being given to the technique of reading and speaking. It has also under consideration a scheme for developing its work among schools and colleges.

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